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**SUNDAY READING.**

**NOTHING TO DO.**

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours, Where weeds spring up with fairest flowers, Where smiles have only a fitful play, Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul, Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole; Off with the garments of sloth and sin, Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay On the altar of incense, day by day; There are foes to meet within and without, There is error to conquer strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach, The simplest form of Christian speech; There are hearts to lure with loving wife, From the grimmest haunts of Sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed, The precious hope of the Church's need; Strength to be borne to the weak and faint, Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do?" and the Saviour said. "Follow thou Me, in the path I tread." Lord, lend thy help the Journey through, Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do."

**Five Minutes More to Live.**

A YOUNG MAN stood up before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed. He stood on the platform of a scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck, and in a few minutes more he would be in eternity. The Sheriff took out his watch and said:

"If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live."

O what awful words for a young man to hear standing there in full health and vigor! Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears and said:

"I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair; and O how I loved him! But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life. I came home and found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden. I got angry with him without cause, and I killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke next day and found my self tied and guarded. They told me when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whisky had done it. It has ruined me. I have only one word more to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. NEVER, NEVER, NEVER touch any thing that can intoxicate!" And as he said these words he sprang from the box and was in eternity. Think what an hour's indulgence in drink may do! This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you can not know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.—Banner.

**The Eye of a Needle.**

The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a Camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates, small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus must the rich man humble himself.

Every word we speak for Christ is pouring oil on the fires of grace in our own heart, and will make them burn with ardor otherwise unknown. The Christian will find that while, before he commenced his course, he had a thousand questionings and difficulties, after he has done so, he will scarcely have an hour's trouble with himself. The truth seems to be this: Christ is so kind and unexacting a master, that he will not let his servants fight two battles at once; if they will take the sword and go into the enemy's camp, he will keep the citadel for them; if they will be about his business, he will set their hearts entirely at rest.

Religion is a personal business; and if all the rest of the world were to forsake Christ, it would be our duty to follow him.

**The Pine-Tree Shilling.**

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. His was a new line of business, for in the earlier part of the colony the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings.

The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of shells: and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had in those days never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers, so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold. As the people grew more numerous and their trade increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, six-pences and three pences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his labor. Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to the Captain. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles and broken spoons, old buttons from worn out coats, silver hilts from old swords that had figured at court, were doubtless thrown into the melting pot. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of Bullion from the mines of South America, which the English bucaniers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts. All this old and new silver being turned into coin the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, &c., bearing the date of 1652 on the one side, and on the other a figure of a pine tree—hence they were called pine tree shilling. Captain Hull coined a very large amount, and the Judges of the Court began to suspect that the mint master would have the best of the bargain. They therefore offered him a large sum if he would resign his claim to the 20th shilling—this he declined by saying that he was perfectly satisfied with his perquisites, and well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, money bags and strong box were all filled with pine tree shillings.

While he was still mint master a young man by the name of Samuel Sewall was courting Hull's daughter "Betsy." She was a fine girl, but by no means so slender as some young ladies of the present day, in fact she was as round and as plump as a pudding. Young Sewall was a man of good character, industrious in business, and a member of the church, and when he asked the mint master for his daughter in marriage he readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," he said, in his rough way, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest Hull dressed himself in a plain colored cloak, all the buttons of which were pine tree shillings, the buttons of his waistcoat were six-pences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver three pences. Thus attired he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; on the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsy. There, too was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, and as much other finery as Puritan laws would allow him to wear. His hair was cropped close to his head, because the Governor had forbid any young man to get married while his hair touched the tips of his ears.—The mint master was pleased with his son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing about Betsy's marriage portion.

When the marriage ceremony was over Capt. Hull whispered a word or two to two of his men servants, who immediately retired, but soon returned, dragging a heavy pair of scales; they were such a pair as wholesale merchants used to weigh heavy things on. "Daughter Betsy," said the mint master, get into one side of those scales." This the daughter did, but for what purpose she knew not.—"And now," said he to the servants, "bring that strong box here. This was large

enough for Betsy and her husband to sleep in. The box was rolled over to where the mint master sat, and with a large key he unlocked it—when it was opened it was filled with pine tree shillings—all honestly obtained as the percentage from his labors. The servants at the command of Captain Hull began to load up the vacant side of the scales with new shillings until the bride was fairly balanced from the floor. "There, son Sewall," cried the mint master, when this was accomplished, "Take these shillings as my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver!"—Hawthorne.

**Stopping the Train.**

THE express train was whirling along over the Lehigh Valley railroad the other day—behind time and running at furious speed—when the engineer caught sight of an old lady slowly pattering ahead upon the track. Instantly the whistle was blown. No heed, however, was taken of it. But thinking the venerable dame would get out of danger in due time, the speed was not slackened, though the screaming of the whistle made the mountain ring. Yet still she (the woman) kept on slowly neither turning her head to the right nor left, until the engine was almost upon her, then the brakes were put on with a will, and a stoppage effected just in time to save her life.

"What the d—!—I is the matter with you asked the engineer as he jumped off and took the ancient dame by the shoulder.

"Guess you needn't scream so. You have made fuss enough already," was the caustic reply.

"You heard the whistle, then?"

"Sartainly. I hain't deaf."

"Then why in the name of thunder didn't you get off the track?"

"You hain't got no right to run over folks, as I know on, and it's your business to stop when you see them walking on the track!"

The swearing of "our army of Flanders" was nothing compared to that of the engineer, as he pushed her aside, sprang upon the machine, and set it whizzing to the tune of forty miles an hour.

**Marrying For Money.**

IN New Orleans, a few days since, a well dressed and handsome youth of some eighteen years of age, appeared before one of the city magistrates and asked if he could engage his services to perform a marital ceremony. The reply was in the affirmative, and the young man left but shortly afterward returned accompanied by a sombre looking female, middle-aged and dressed in black.

"Is the lady your mother?" inquired the magistrate.

"Oh, no, sir; this is the lady I desire to marry!" replied the youth as the lady drew aside her veil, disclosing a countenance wrinkled and sere, but on which for the moment gleamed a sort of icy smile.

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes sir."

"But are you of age?"

"Not yet; but this lady is my guardian."

"And she gives her consent?"

"Yes sir."

The magistrate was in a quandary. He didn't know exactly what to do. He hated to sacrifice the youth, and join the bright-faced May to the gloomy icy December. "Isn't this rather a strange union?" he remarked.

"Not at all," replied the expectant bride. "I have a large amount of property which I desire to leave this young man. And as I have relatives who might dispute the will were I to give it to him as a legacy, I prefer to marry him."

"And you are content to marry this woman for her money?" asked the justice.

"Well, I shouldn't marry her for any thing else!" frankly replied the boy lover.

"She ain't pretty."

And without more ado the ceremony was concluded.

Scientific men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from the continual smoking of tobacco will cause death in one hundred and sixty-seven years. We warn our readers who have been smoking nearly that time to break themselves of the habit at once.

Better have a soft hat than head. This refers exclusively to members of the male gender.

**First Shot Tower in America**

IN THE beginning of the present century the people of this country were entirely dependent on Europe, and particularly on England, for their supply of the different kinds of shot—from buck-shot down to the smaller sizes. At a time when almost every man had his shot gun, as well as his trusty rifle, and indulged to some extent in the pleasures of the hunt—when game of almost every kind abounded from the Delaware to the Mississippi—when Fort Pitt was in the Far West, and Chicago and St. Louis were almost unknown—save to the venturesome pioneer and hardy hunter—to be liable at any moment to have the supply of shot cut off by a war with Great Britain, which the threatening aspect of the two countries seemed to indicate, was the occasion of much solicitude on the part of many of the leading men of the day.

Early in 1808, John Williams Jope, then residing in Philadelphia, and Paul Beck, Jr, also of that city, conceived the project of erecting a shot tower and engaging in the manufacture of shot, and for this purpose formed a partnership. Jope went to England, and visiting various shot towers there, learned all that was necessary for him to know, made drawings of the different works, and returned to Philadelphia. Being an ingenious mechanic, he made important improvements in the mode of manufacture, for which he received a patent dated July 17, 1809.

They built the shot tower near the Schuylkill river, between Arch and Race streets, in Philadelphia. It was of brick and was one hundred and fifty-six feet high. Its diameter, in the clear at the top, eighteen feet. One story work shops were built outside of this.

The process of making shot was very simple. Lead furnaces were built in the different stories of the tower, and the melted lead filtering through perforated pans, fell into the cistern of water below thus preventing their being flattened. Of course, but one kind of shot could be made at one time. The height each kind had to fall was in proportion to its size in order that it might have time to cool perfectly before reaching the water below—the largest shot being cast at the top of the tower, the next size on the floor immediately below, and so on down through the smaller grades.

Jope's improvement, in part, consisted, in the language of the patent, "In applying pans formed of copper, or other fit materials, in the place of cylinders heretofore used. The circumference of the pans to be about forty-eight inches or of the size wanted, the bottoms flat and the sides of a requisite height, from three to four inches. The pans are to be pierced with holes suited to the size of the shot to be manufactured. In consequence of the size and shallowness of the pans, the melted lead, which is poured into them, will filter or pass through the holes quickly, without cooling, which gives them great advantages over the cylinders in common use, as thereby four or five times as much shot may be run off at the same time."

The method of separating the irregular and badly shaped shot from the perfectly round after being dried, was exceedingly simple, and also subject to Jope's patent;—"For this purpose, a flat board, called a screening board, is used, from three to five feet long, with shallow sides, a little inclining to the lower end. The upper end is closed. From the upper to the lower end these boards gradually widen; they are moveable, and may be worked by children with great ease." These boards were held up at one end on an elevation, forming an inclined plane and vibrating in the hands of the girls, the shot were poured over them—the perfect ones running into a receiver. They were then put into a revolving cylinder with black lead, and were thus polished, when they were ready for packing and shipment.

This shot tower was taken down some years since and scarcely a vestige of it remains. Its builders, too, have passed away; and Jope, like many other originators of great enterprises, never reaped the just reward of his ingenuity.—Leisure hours.

A man who had filed a petition for divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A cross petition!" exclaimed the husband. "That's just like her, she never did a good-natured thing in her life."

Manners make the man, but some have so few that the make is slight and the result shabby.